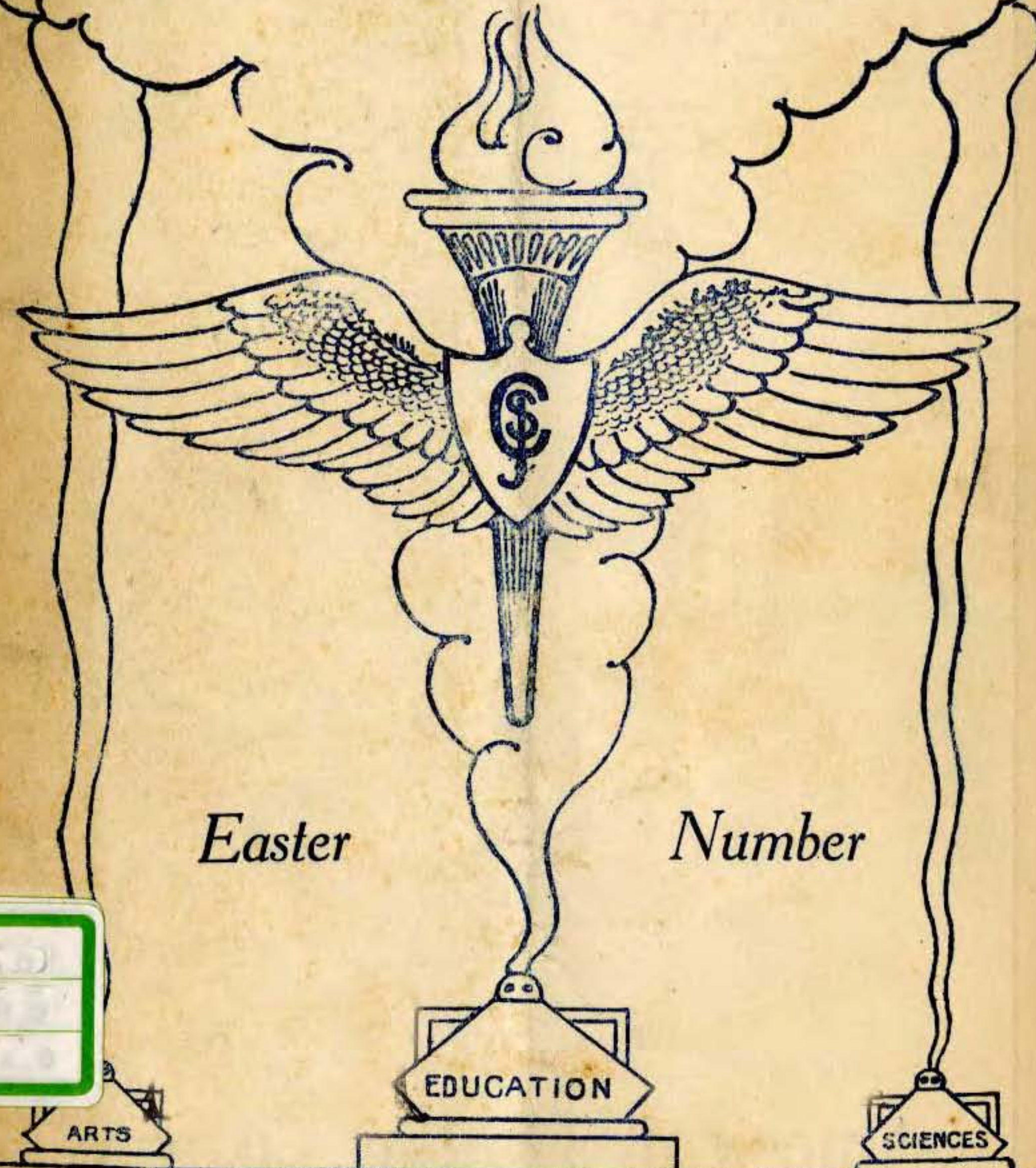


# FORWARD



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SUMIYOSHI, KOBE, JAPAN

April  
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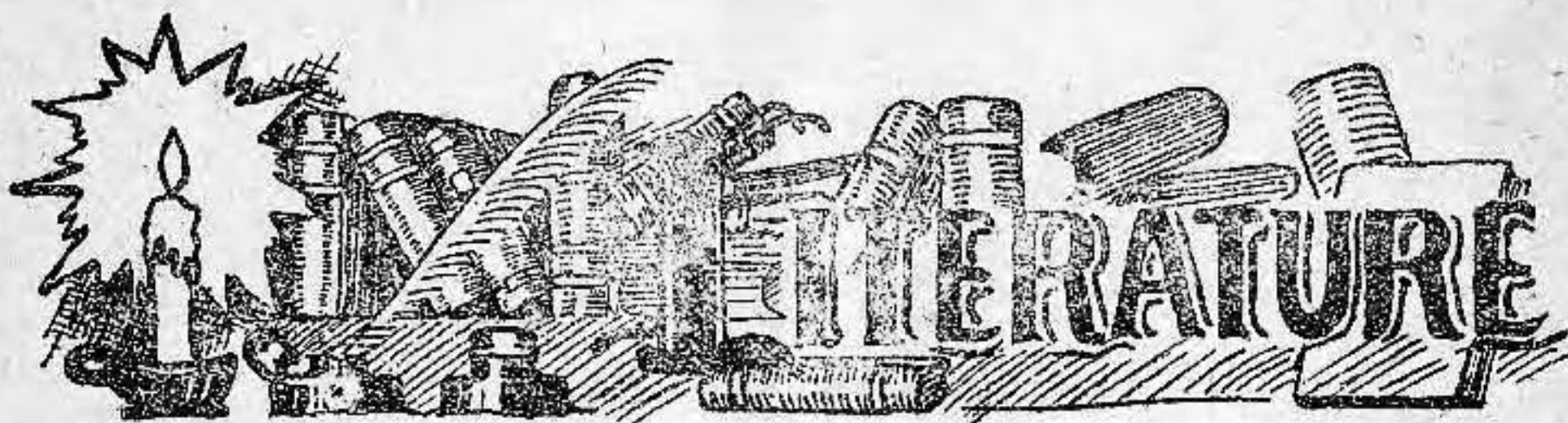
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## The Heroic Sacrifice

Murat Agafuroff, '25

"REMEMBER, sergeant, that upon the proper execution of your mission, depends the outcome of the present campaign. We must have those plans or else we'll be at a loss. Understand? We must have them."

"Very well, General."

"You may leave at once."

"Very well, General."

Sergeant Kostin saluted, turned on his heels and went out of the general's tent. The general was the commander-in-chief of the White revolutionary army and it was the crucial period of that bloody civil war, when treason and disorder swayed in the ranks of the Whites. The Whites retreated constantly, while the Reds, always well equipped and under an iron discipline, were ever at their heels.

It took Kostin but a few minutes to get ready; in fact, he was ready on the spot. His mission required nothing but a pair of automatics, judgment and coolness. True, he was starting for the enemy's camp, but he could keep his uniform, for this was a civil war and the opposing soldiers wore the same uniforms with but a slight exception of colors on the cap; a change of a minute.

In ten minutes he set out into the

impenetrable darkness of the night. He knew the surroundings well; it was the country where he spent his childhood days; these were the meadows which he crossed and recrossed hundreds of times; to the right of him, about half a mile to the east, slept the serene waters of the lake; to the west, the dense Siberian forests spread far and wide, forming a large belt around the neighboring mountains; ahead of him, a mile away, there was a village, beautifully situated in the heart of a valley. This village, now, was the center of the Red Army. For a time, Kostin walked briskly, easily finding the familiar paths. But soon he neared the outlying houses of the village. There, caution was required; but our sergeant was an experienced man; he had gone through many a similar situation. Slowly he crept through the avant-posts of the enemy. Ten nerve-wrecking minutes and he was in the village. Now the most difficult part is ahead; first, to find out where the plans were located and secondly, to secure them.

He made for the first light. It was a one-story log, characteristic of Siberia. Kostin approached one of the two windows, from which the light

APRIL, 1925

came and peered. A minute's observation and he chuckled with satisfaction. Fortune favored him; the first part of the task was accomplished. In the room, bent laboriously over a table sat a man; and the trained eye of the sergeant guessed who it was: that's an army draftsman, flashed in his mind, and he's alone too; what a chance! added he, his eyes gleaming with excitement. He slipped cautiously to a door, opened it noiselessly, and in a moment he is in front of the room in which he figured the man was. Poising himself on his left foot he whipped both revolvers out and kicked the door open with his right foot.

"Hands up!"

Unexpected as it was, the man seemed to have been prepared for the attack, for when he whirled around, his right hand clutched a revolver, aimed straight at the intruder.

For an instant both remained silent and motionless. Then... ..

John!!!

Brother!!!

Our sergeant looked helplessly at his revolvers, while the man at the table straightened up dropping his weapon to the floor.

"What! you, John my brother, you! you're working for those blood-hounds, oh! how could you....."

"But I had no alternative.....they... those.....they said, they'd kill our mother if I didn't join them. To save her....."

"But do you know that she is no more?"

"Yes, but....."

He didn't finish; into the room entered a burly Bolshevick officer, followed by a score of soldiers. He cast evil, piercing looks at both men, then pointing at the White Kostin he inquired coarsely: "Who's that man?" But there was no response. The draftsman

lost his self-control and stood with his eyes piercing the floor. The officer waited for some time, then he barked to his men: "Search him!"

Naturally, documents identifying the sergeant were found. Having examined them the Bolshevick turned triumphantly to the draftsman: "There," he hissed, at "last we've got you; we've long suspected you carrying water on both shoulders, but now we've nailed you, sure enough. Take them!" he ordered sternly to his underlings.

The Bolshevick court-martial made short work of the Kostin brothers. The next morning both were sentenced to be shot; one as a spy, and the other as a traitor. Together with them there were about ten other victims who were to share the same fate as the unfortunate brothers. In those troubled times the Reds were not esthetic in disposing of their "enemies." This time, too, they decided to shoot down the whole crowd at once.

When Kostin, the sergeant, learned of the latter decision he smiled and whispered something to his brother, adding that this was "their last chance." At early dawn of the next day, all the "enemies of the state" were taken out into the field, lined in two ranks and upon command two volleys mowed them down. One of the executioners went from corpse to corpse, kicking each with his heavy boot to see whether their victims were really done for. Then the other executioners covered the bodies with a few inches of ground and dead leaves and went away, laughing and joking as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

The next morning, by a lucky reverse of fortune, the White troops advancing over the Red possessions of yesterday came across a bleeding



soldier dragging himself along the road-side toward the Whites.

It was John Kostin, the former draftsman of the Reds. On his request, he was conducted into the general's tent, and there the exhausted man excitedly related his adventures of the last 24 hours.

"Sir," he told him in a sad, though firm, voice, "my brother, Sergeant Kostin of the second Battallion of the White Army died yesterday morning, having sacrificed his life to preserve mine; for, one of us had to go..... just when the first volley was fired he rushed in front, shielding me from the deadly missiles.. .."

"Heroic!" interjected the general. "I fell," continued the ex-Red, "with the others, although I was hardly wounded, but such were his instructions....."

"Instructions! What instructions? Whose instructions?" asked the general.

"Why, my brother's, explained the draftsman. "If he had come out of this mess alive, his task would be left unaccomplished because the information would perish with me, but his sacrificial plan fulfilled your needs. I am the ex-draftsman of the Red Army and am ready to draw any plan of their movement."

## Finger Prints

Rupert Cox, '25

IT was 12 o'clock and the great White Star Liner the "Majestic" steamed out of New York harbor for her home city, Liverpool and London.

In a deck chair, within hearing of the orchestra and sheltered from a wind blowing from land, sat a young man; his legs crossed and one of the latest New York papers held in front of his face. Down the length of the deck came a cabin boy, Charley we will call him, fairly old with closely set blue eyes, dark brows and white hair. He came and went, passed the deck chair without taking notice. The paper which covered the young man's face, fell and he looked with a smile and a nod at the back of the departing man. John Spalding of the New York Police was handsome, no mistake about it, clean shaven and well formed features, his clothes were those of a well-to-do man cut in the

latest style. If one had been watching him then he would have taken the reposed man as an idle modern young fellow living on his father's millions. Quite a different idea was working in his active mind. It was far from the want of pleasure and ease that he was on this boat for he was on a secret mission; to clean up a mysterious case of theft on board the boat which had been going on for weeks, causing much loss to the company. His suspicion lay on this old cabin boy for years in the service. Too many cases were centered on his string of cabins. Perhaps this suspicion was vague but still someone must be suspected in a mysterious case.

On the same boat travelling to his native land, was a rich merchant old and wrinkled by age, returning home with some precious stones to complete his collection of valuable jewelry.

He occupied one of the cabins under the charge of the old cabin boy. Not trusting the Purser, the old man, kept his fortune under lock and key in his cabin.

The last gong had vibrated when our well-dressed and clean shaven detective came out and walked briskly down the passage, playing with a silver cigarette case covered by a silk handkerchief. Around the corner in front of him came Charley walking as usual in a noiseless gait. Just as John was about to pass the cabin boy, the cigarette case happened to slip out of his hand and Charley seeing it stooped and picked it up, receiving a silver coin for his trouble. Again the case was in the handkerchief untouched by his own fingers but with a clear print of Charley's four fingers.

John Spalding returned hurriedly to his cabin and was soon at work in a moment. Thoughtfully he spread a chemical over the finger prints to make them clearer and placing the case before his microscopic camera he took the picture.

"Now for the next move," said he to himself.

Nothing eventful happened that night but there were still three days to go, many things can happen in that time and many did happen as you will soon learn.

During the greater part of the following day nothing interrupted the drowsy hum of the engines, all went well and having nothing to do Mr. Spalding developed the picture he had taken the night before. It was a perfect one, showing every line and curve of each finger. The night closed upon the day somewhat threateningly for suddenly about six o'clock in the evening a gust of wind broke the stillness, soon after a stronger one rose until the whole sea, from North to South, was

covered with white-caps. The waves rose in mountainous swells carrying the giant ship as easy as a barque. Blackness soon mantled the ship and the storm rose in violence.

"A suitable night for crime," thought John and so did someone else.

During dinner the passengers ate but little; some were seasick and not eager for food. Among these unfortunates was the rich merchant who mumbled some complaint and went to his cabin. No one took any notice but John felt that something would happen. As soon as dinner was over our detective hurried down the passageway to the rich merchant's cabin. When he reached the corridor he saw a white figure pass swiftly along the shadowed walls until he reached the door to the deck and disappear. Mr. Spalding went into the room; the light was burning and everything lay in disorder. This was the room of the merchant but where was he?

Going over to the bed he pulled aside the curtain and to his horror, saw the old fellow covered with blood that had oozed from his battered head. There had evidently been a fight and the unfortunate had been knocked unconscious as he fell on the bed. John went to the door and called an officer and soon the astonished captain heard the startling story. The wounded passenger was removed to the hospital and there remained unconscious until he reached England. Searching the room they found, as they thought they would, that the jewelry was gone and so was the old man's money.

"It couldn't be one of the passengers," remarked the captain, "for they were all in the diningroom during the moments when the deed was done, it must be one of the deck-hands."

John shook his head, "I have my



doubts yet but soon I will find the criminal."

"But how?" asked the captain astonished, "here are no clues; nothing was left behind."

"It will be easily done," said John, "won't you mind waiting here while I go to get some things from my cabin?"

"Yes, of course," replied the astonished captain.

"And let no one in; don't touch anything," were the last words flung to the commander.

Five minutes elapsed, which seemed hours to the captain, and John was back. In his hands he carried his microscopic camera and his case of chemicals. Without a word to the commander, he went to the strong box

where the jewels were last placed by the unfortunate man and spreading some of the chemicals on the handle he placed his camera in a suitable position and took the picture.

"Will the picture you took help you any?"

"Yes, it means everything to a finger print expert, and tonight I am going to develop this plate and in an hour it will be ready. The mystery will be cleared within two hours."

John Spalding was true to his promise, within two hours he had developed the plate and found that they resembled those of Charley. The assaulter and thief was called and Charley scared like an accused school boy, caught in the act, gave way and confessed everything.

## The Storm

S. Shaw, '25

**F**ACING the sea stood the little hamlet of Courtly. The rude huts gazed apprehensively upon the thundering breakers that turned white upon the age-worn rock flinging the salt spray high into the air.

Apart from the village, near the edge of a rugged cliff was the abode of Joe Busher; Joe whose sorrow lined face turned towards the sea, the sea that had robbed him of those that were the guide of his life. "Poor Joe" sympathized those rough hearts that had mourned with him; hearts that had comforted when sorrow's yoke lay heavy upon him. Day after day he had waited, waited till the weeks had come and gone, waited for his son so dearly loved, to return.

Dusk had fallen, the glowing sun

had sunk into the sea. Twilight,..... the sullen boom of the breakers, the gleaming phospherences of the tossing waters, monotonous to the ear, straining to the sight. In the east, somber low clouds were scudding rapidly before the whistling gale. "Another storm, he reflected sadly, would sweep that rock-bound coast; a storm that would rob another heart as it had robbed his."

And indeed as he stood on the shore, unmindful of the waves that were lapping at his feet, unmindful of the chilly wind that stirred his unkempt hair, he presented a melancholy picture. His face marked with the lines of privation and suffering, his eyes dimmed by unshed tears of silent grief, his forehead furrowed by quiet forti-

tude, showed to the casual observer one who is denied the fleeting yet happy moments of the life.

Abruptly he turned and walked towards his dwelling. Home! What pleasant thoughts they raised in his mind. Home, the abiding place of joy and peace. He smiled sadly, as he recollected how he, who was the joy of his home, he who had brightened his path was gone.

Slowly he entered his humble abode, slowly he moved about the single room, attending to the hundred and one little details that needed his care. Night had fallen and gloomy was the moon as the somber clouds obscured it from time to time. Outside the gale was rising. The firm shutters creaked and the wind howled around the little house like a thousand demons. The thunder rolled and fearful streaks of lightning flashed across the sky. He shuddered as he heard the booming of the breakers, he shuddered for the fate of any poor soul unprotected before the anger of nature. It was on such a night as this, he thought, as the thunder rolled and as the wind howled that his son had lost his life. Always daring he had risked his life for others in distress and, was never heard of again.

At one moment, above the whistling of the gale he heard a cry like that of a human being in danger; he went

out into the storm and seeing nothing he thought that perhaps it was some sea bird's mournful cry and he returned home.

The grey morning dawned, the waves still were running high, but the worst of the storm was over. Upon the black sea beach lay, he thought a human form and descending nearer he became positive of it. Perhaps it was some poor sailor cast by the storm upon the shore, perhaps some hardy fisherman, whose life was ebbing slowly for want of succour perhaps... but,

Oh God! familiar were those broad shoulders, familiar was that massy mop of red hair.

His breast heaved and the cold sweat formed on his forehead. Running forward he knelt down by that body so still and so cold. Silently he gazed at it, silently as if he were in a trance. There was no outburst of emotion, no tears blurred his eyes but his face reflected a love, a bottomless love for his dead son.

The country jury pronounced a verdict of death from accidental cause. And if you ever visit the village of Courtly upon the rock-bound coast of Maine, ask one of the rough-bearded fisherman the the story of Joe and Busher. Turning away to hide an honest tear he will say: "Poor Joe, he was unlucky."

## The Dream

Max Fachtmann, '25

**A** night in March was yet quite chilly, so much so that Mrs. Beldin ordered the servants to light a cheerful fire in the hearth. The wind sighed mournfully in the orchard adjacent to the mansion. The massive stone structure overlooked the swelling seas which broke upon the rocky



shores far down below with muffled roars. The frightened shriek of some night-bird occasional rent the air.

Never could there be a night more fit for the four youngsters to listen to their mother's low voice telling them stories of goblins and fairies. Grouped around a crackling blaze sat two boys and two girls all wearing the same serious dreamy look.

One of the boys was exceptionally quiet. He, Charlie, stared into the dancing flames. Gradually things became misty and the curling tongues of fire slowly took the shape of goblins.

There he was sealed up in an underground chamber with long-necked monsters for his companions. One of them had teeth all irregular in size and when he grinned the whole mouth split to let out his fangs. He, the ugliest, was their king. Others numbering some forty were his servants, and had to obey his commands whatever they were. The king lifted his skinny hands and shot up one finger. This was a signal; for all the followers disappeared. Slowly and unsteadily he approached the child and uttered with a growl:

"Bring your two sisters to me. I want to make them my maids. If you won't fetch them I will torture you, and will do the same with the girls, but if you bring them to me willingly I will let you free, and will give you all the treasures you desire. Now,

I'll allow you just one hour and no more." Saying this he disappeared.

Instantaneously Charlie found himself in the orchard. Running into the house he called his two sisters and brother to him and began telling them of his adventure. His suggestion was that one of the girls dress up as himself and he with his brother would try to act the girls' part. This seemed to be a good idea so they went at once to change.

Ten minutes elapsed and a group of two girls and a boy were seen walking towards the orchard. When Charlie reached the spot where he was let out, he knocked on the ground four times. Slowly the earth opened and swallowed them in. Once inside the big-toothed monster presented himself but before he had a chance to look at the supposed girls, they jumped on the goblin and bore him to the ground. They were on the point of killing him when Charlie opened his eyes. With clenched fists and a determined look upon his face he was about to strike his brother when he was gently awakened.

"W-w-was it all a dream?" he sighed.

"Why Charlie, have you really been dreaming? I couldn't understand what you were trying to do!"

The whole family had a good laugh at his expense after which he was sent to bed to see the next episode.

## A Chemical Trick

J. Masson, '25

THREE knocks — a pause — then four rapid, rapid taps followed. A faint rustling from within, came as

a reply, yet so distinct, in the deep silence of that dark abode. The visitor set his chattering jaws, and un-

mindful of the oppressive opium fumes around him, waited.

"Bittern?" came a low harsh whisper from somewhere beyond the massive door.

"Rotola", answered the man in a quick nervous pitch.

A dark form appeared—moved aside, let him in, and quickly closed the door.

A slight stirring by someone in the dark corner showed that their actions had been carefully watched; and true enough, another form approached, listened for a time to their retreating steps, and then with a stealthiness and quickness of a cat retired to his post, carefully avoiding the opium smokers asleep in their full contentment.

Ten long minutes of silence reigned before the welcome sound of approach, came distinctly from the mysterious apartment; noiselessly the door opened again, and once more Bittern appeared but this time with a small package in his hand. Without a word of adieu, he put on his cap, ran down the stairs and out into the cool, refreshing night air.

For fully half a minute the detective did not stir,—then suddenly jumping out from his corner, with a leap and bound dashed into the open, just in time to catch the figure disappear around the corner.

"Good! at last I might be able to find out a clue to that tricky stunt he pulled off a week ago", he said as he reached a vantage from where he saw Bittern enter an apartment.

He had stepped inside with perfect ease and taking the stairway on his right, ran up to an adjoining room, jingled out his keys, unlocked the room and entered it with an air of security and self-satisfaction.

Close behind approached the detective; ever cautious and ready, as

he tiptoed to the secretive door and kneeling down, trained his eyes through the keyhole. For a moment he perceived a big table with a looking-glass on the top. Presently his eyes caught sight of Bittern approaching the mirror and placing a small bottle on the table, the contents of which he could be seen carefully painting on his face in a queer way.

"Funny," exclaimed the detective, he acts as if he was painting his face,—but as far as I can see there seems to be no color to it. For a moment he hesitated; suddenly an inspiration seized him with passionate strength. "Ah! their it is,—the truth! the wretch was drawing a skeleton upon his face! Without a word, he rose, pushed open the door and unceremoniously entered.

The change from a happy expression to one of utter astonishment on Bittern's face came like lightning; the brush pattered to the floor, his color came and went; for fully a minute he could do nothing but stare at the stern form of the detective.

Collecting himself together he resumed his natural position for the first time since the intrusion. Hate now showed on his face as he recognized at once the same detective he had fooled once before, but now,—he knew that it was not to be;—he thought hard—very hard, but could only think of one way;—swiftly he turned to a drawer, but too late. "No tricks, man, or it will go hard with you," hissed out the detective as he pounced upon him with astonishing rapidity. "Lay low for there are others outside", he resumed jerking out a handcuff.

The man believing from the latter's coolness, and the word "others" offered no resistance, but obeyed. For a time the detective regarded him much



as a cat regards his prey. "So, I've caught you, eh? and perhaps that container over there will explain matters easily," he said reaching it, and pocketing the mysterious bottle. "I'm afraid they won't release you so willingly this time;—well, come along and in a few days you will find yourself where you belong and not scare the town in beseeching your release, by

proclaiming that you are protected by the spirits, who punish them for condemning you to death.

And really, as predicted, it surely did explain matters to the inhabitants of the town when they read the account of his discovery, its false spiritualistic powers were easily explained by the chemist and the photographer.

## FRANÇAIS

### Pâques

A. d'Aquino, '25

Voici la grande et joyeuse fête de Pâques. Aucune autre fête de l'année ne nous fait éprouver autant de douces émotions que ce glorieux jour. Ces émotions sont si nombreuses et elles se succèdent dans notre cœur avec tant de rapidité qu'elles nous laissent à peine le temps de nous y arrêter. Il y en a cependant qui dominent et qui produisent une impression plus profonde que les autres: ce sont celles de la souffrance et de la gloire qui en est le fruit.

Pendant le Carême, les cloches de l'église nous ont invités à venir nous occuper de pensées sérieuses et graves: celles de la vie et de la mort du Dieu fait homme. Et que pouvons-nous faire de mieux pour notre perfectionnement moral?

Pendant plusieurs semaines, l'Eglise a présenté à notre imitation tout ce que Notre Sauveur a fait pour nous: sa soumission admirable à ses parents pendant 30 ans, sa fidélité parfaite dans l'accomplissement de tous ses devoirs. Après nous avoir montré, par son ex-

emple et sa doctrine, le chemin du véritable bonheur, ce divin Rédempteur a offert sa vie comme prix de notre salut et pour la rémission de nos péchés.

Aussi avec quelle allégresse saluons-nous la fête de Pâques en laquelle nous célébrons la gloire et le triomphe de notre Sauveur ressuscité. Cette fête nous rappelle le plus grand jour que le monde ait vu depuis la création de l'homme. C'est le jour que l'humanité a attendu pendant plus de quatre mille ans, le jour que nous commémorons chaque année avec une nouvelle ardeur, le jour que tous les peuples et toutes les nations se rappelleront jusqu'à la fin du monde avec des sentiments de reconnaissance.

Nous trouvons dans la fête de Pâques plus d'une salutaire leçon: Les travaux, les souffrances et la mort de Jésus-Christ se sont terminés dans le triomphe de la résurrection. Sa vie doit être le modèle de la nôtre. Si nous avons quelque chose à souffrir ici-bas ou si l'accomplissement du

devoir demande des sacrifices, puissions du bonheur qui couronnera au ciel les souffrances chrétiennement supportées.

## L'hiver à Sumiyoshi

M. Agafuroff, '25

Pour des gens qui viennent des contrées septentrionales, l'hiver à Sumiyoshi présente un contraste quelque peu désagréable.

Tout d'abord il n'y a pas la beauté du manteau blanc, qui donne de la joie au cœur, au milieu du silence universel de la nature; ensuite, on n'aperçoit rien que des arbres et de la végétation sombres, tristes. Le rouge délicat des camélias, rehaussé par les rayons occasionnels du soleil, est le seul qui donne un peu de vie à la nature. Le climat, non plus, n'est pas le même que dans les pays du nord. Tandis que la température est plus élevée que dans les contrées septentrionales, à cause du voisinage des courants chauds, l'humidité du climat fait sentir le froid plus vivement; et quand le vent du nord ou de l'ouest souffle, on préférerait un jour froid de climat sec du nord.

Cependant quelquefois il fait très beau et alors on oublie les jours sombres. Parfois même, il semble que le printemps soit déjà arrivé; mais de tels jours sont rares. Généralement, les jours s'annoncent clairs et pleins d'espoir; mais, vers midi, le soleil disparaît et le ciel nuageux rend la nature triste de nouveau. Il pleut rarement, mais lorsque cela arrive, le temps est aussi désagréable que vous pouvez vous l'imaginer. Tout cela rend l'hiver détestable, tandis que dans les pays du nord l'hiver est toujours beau et il y a des manières innombrables de se réjouir pendant cette saison. Les gens, ici, savent peu ce que c'est que le patinage, le skiage, la course en traîneau, le combat de boules de neige et autres sports. Oui, ici l'homme est privé des amusements que la neige apporte avec elle.

## Une ville idéale

I. Agafuroff, '26

Vous me demandez quelle est ma conception idéale d'une ville pour qu'elle puisse servir avantageusement de station de santé. Voici mon opinion. Cette ville doit être baignée par la mer, d'un côté, et de l'autre entourée, au moins partiellement, d'un système de collines et de montagnes boisées.

Des vallées nombreuses et riches en eau fraîche augmenteraient le charme du paysage. Une pareille position ne pourrait manquer de mettre à la portée des habitants de notre ville des plaisirs variés et des jouissances de toutes sortes, non seulement pendant une courte période, mais à chaque saison.



de l'année. Examinons maintenant quelles distractions peuvent nous procurer successivement, dans les conditions données, le printemps, l'été, l'automne, et même le sombre hiver.

Commençons par le printemps, symbole de jeunesse et de résurrection. Qui n'aime pas, par une belle journée d'avril ou de mai, courir par monts et par vaux au milieu du joyeux gazouillement des oiseaux et du délicieux arôme des fleurs printanières? Le laboureur a repris son rude travail et pendant qu'il retourne les champs, le vent nous apporte l'odeur agréable de la terre fraîche. Partout la vie renaît et, au contact de cette renaissance, nos âmes et nos corps reprennent une nouvelle vigueur.

Voici maintenant l'été. Les promenades dans les montagnes sont presque complètement abandonnées pour les plaisirs sur le bord de la mer. Tout le long de la plage ce ne sont que baigneurs. Les uns se reposent sur le sable, d'autres prennent leurs ébats dans l'eau fraîche. Et quand, le soir, la plage devient déserte, on entend partout dans le voisinage le chœur des grillons et le coassement des grenouilles. Et cependant, tous ces bruits, loin de troubler le sommeil, semblent s'harmoniser avec le battement monotone des vagues contre les rochers du rivage, pour produire l'effet d'une berceuse.

La fin de l'été voit la vie disparaître de la plage, et le commencement de l'automne pousse les amateurs de la

nature vers les hauteurs. Quelques-uns se contentent de visiter les coteaux, tandis que d'autres, d'une constitution plus robuste, fréquentent les cimes des plus hautes montagnes. Il y en a qui au commencement de la montée, sentent la fatigue, mais à mesure qu'ils s'élèvent et que le paysage s'étend devant leurs yeux, l'impression de fatigue fait place à des sentiments d'admiration et d'étonnement, et de leur cœur ils font monter des actions de grâces vers le Tout-Puissant qui a répandu tant de merveilles dans la nature. Cependant le feuillage jaunâtre des arbres, ainsi que les feuilles mortes qui déjà jonchent le sentier rocailleux, font songer à l'approche de l'hiver.

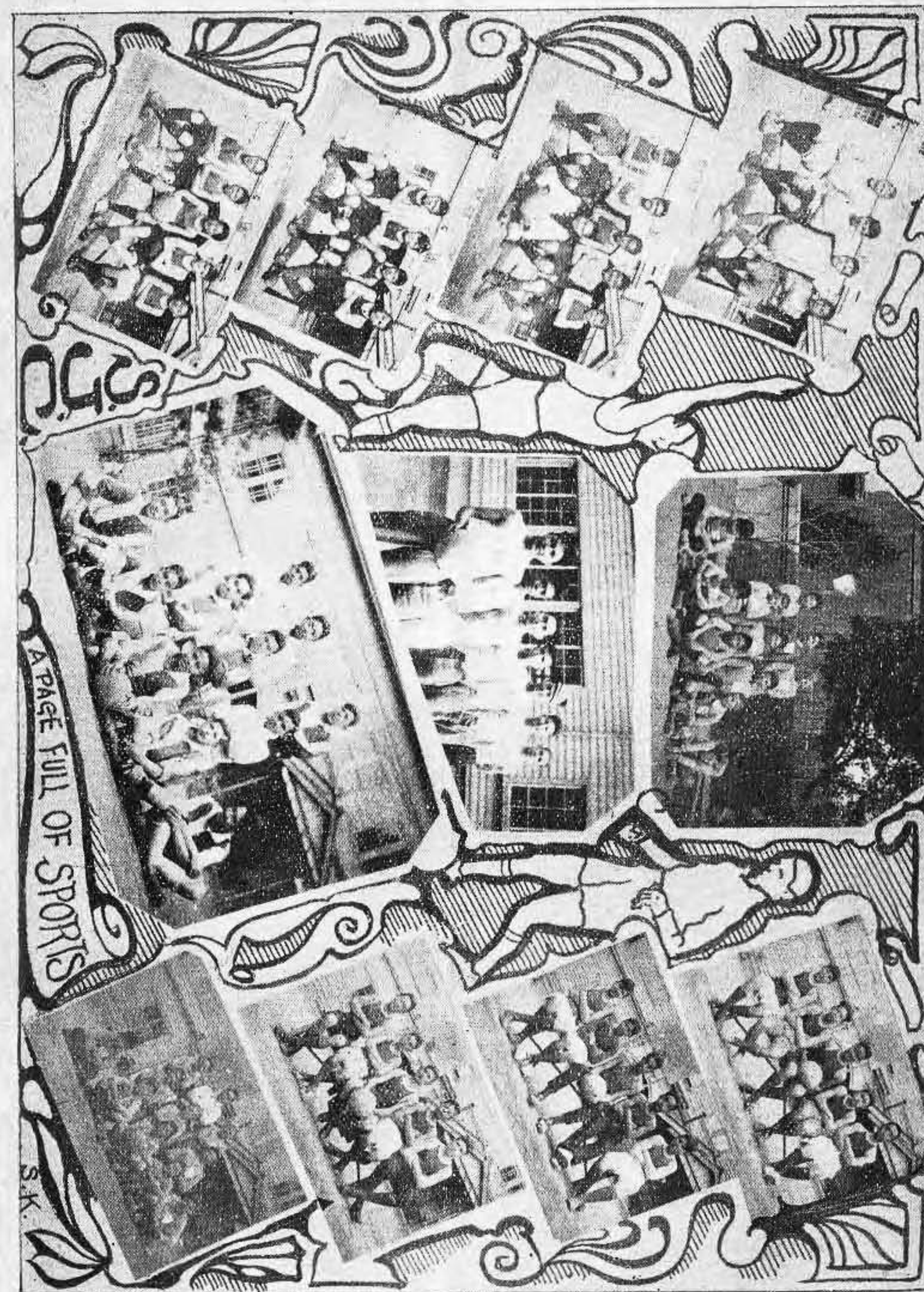
Bientôt celui-ci vient frapper à la porte. Malgré la neige et la glace qu'il nous apporte, la joie et la gaieté règnent presque partout. On voit des traîneaux de toutes formes et de toutes dimensions. Sur la glace des étangs se donne rendez-vous la joyeuse bande des patineurs. Et quand la nuit a étendu son voile sombre et glacé sur la nature endormie, la famille se réunit auprès du foyer et chacun amuse les autres par ses histoires.

J'ai fini de décrire ma ville idéale. Il ne me reste plus que de trouver quelques amis sincères et fidèles pour la peupler, et y passer leur vie, car que sont les plus beaux sites et les plus belles demeures sans les charmes de l'amitié?

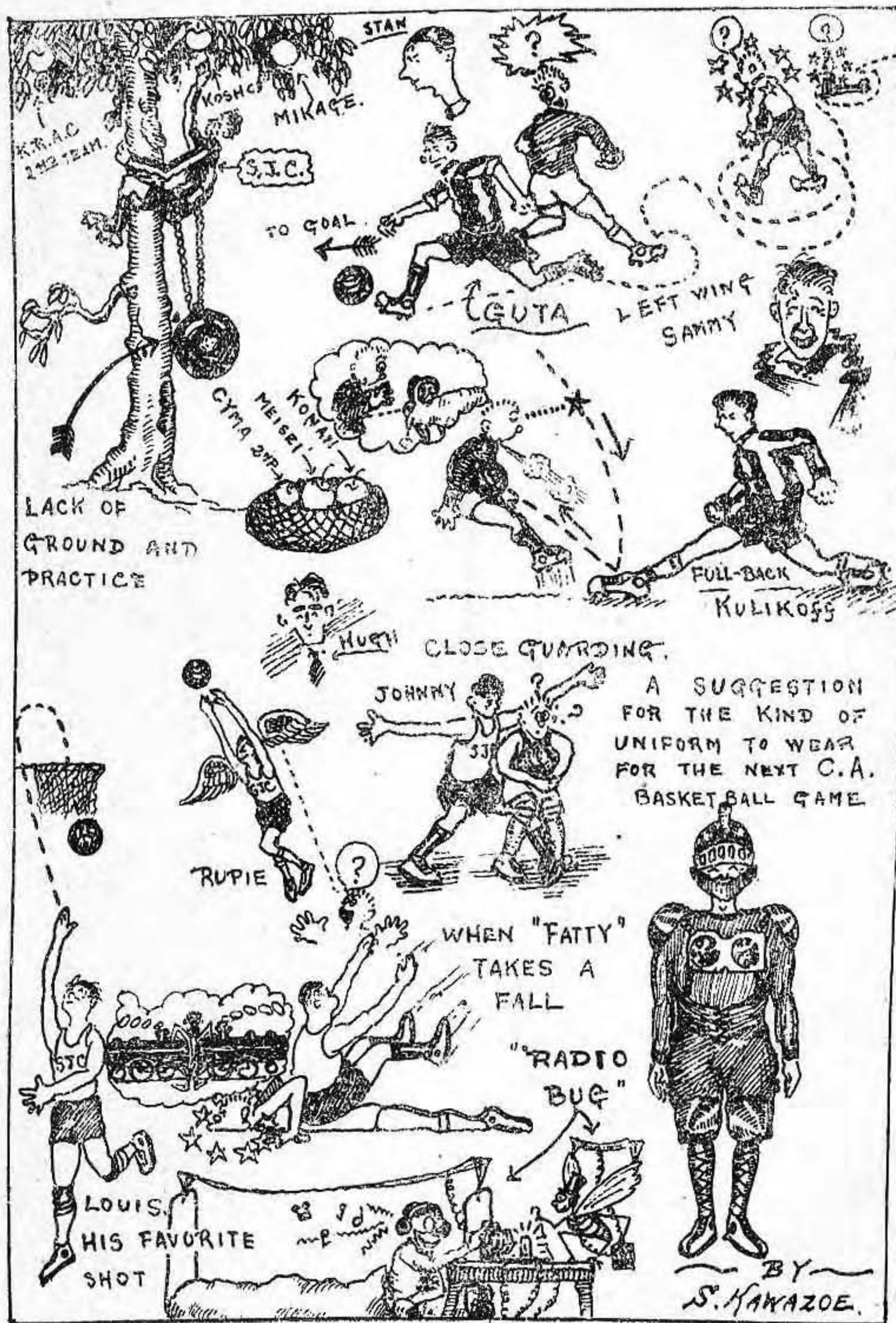
## L'encrier renversé

S. Shaw, '25

Pierre et Jean sont deux frères qui n'aiment pas l'étude. Ils négligent très souvent leurs devoirs et passent la plus grande partie de leur temps à rire ou







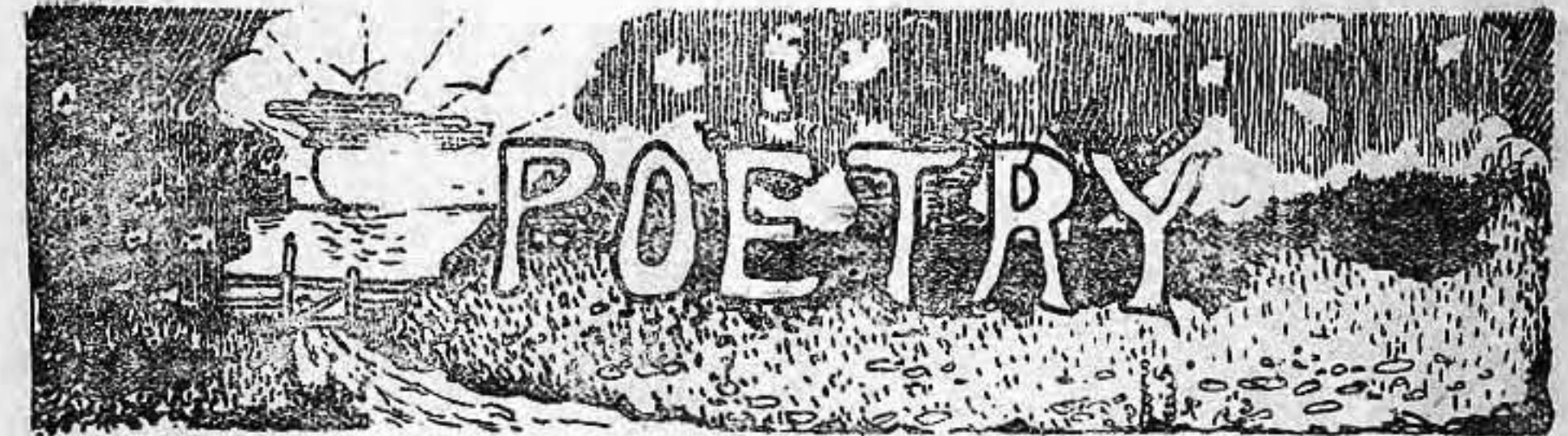
à s'amuser. L'autre jour, au lieu d'étudier leur leçon, ils se mirent à se quereller. Dans la chambre où la dispute eut lieu il y avait une table sur laquelle se trouvait un gros encrier.

Tout à coup, Jean pousse Pierre violemment vers la table: l'encrier se renverse et tout le contenu se répand sur la table, sur les livres et sur les cahiers.

A peine l'accident était-il arrivé que les enfants entendent dans le corridor les pas de leur père. Or il n'y avait que ce dernier à qui les deux enfants obéissaient, parce qu'ils avaient peur de sa forte main.

Dans l'espoir de cacher toute trace de leur méfait, ils se saisissent précipitamment d'une nappe et en couvrent la table. Malheureusement pour les deux étourdis, l'encre n'ayant pas eu le temps de sécher, pénètre le tissu délicat de la nappe et le remplit de nombreuses taches noires.

Le père, en entrant dans la chambre, devina tout de suite tout ce qui s'était passé. Il ne manqua pas de gronder les enfants sévèrement et leur donna en outre une punition pour leur rappeler qu' "il y a un temps pour jouer et un temps pour travailler."



#### EASTER MORN

It was a glorious morning,  
And sweet was spring-time's breath  
The lilies pure were blooming,  
When Jesus rose from death.

L. Cox '25.

#### HER SORROW

Midst the roaring of the thunder  
And the howling of the storm,  
Virgin Mary standing under  
Christ her Son, a lifeless form.

Weeping with a mother's sorrow,  
Tears of anguish in her eyes,

Scarcely dreaming that the morrow  
Will be one before His rise.

M. Faichtmann '25.

#### SPRING

The purple hills are touched with green,  
Magnolia buds appear.  
The air calm, the sky serene,  
The breath of spring is here.

Plum blossoms blush in misty vales  
Where shrines and graveyards hide;  
And cherry blossoms 'dorn the dales,  
Where silv'ry streamlets glide.

The tiny, greenish buds appear,  
And butterflies take wing;  
And birdies in the branches near  
Their sweetest anthems sing.

Spring is here, and spring is there,  
Her gentle presence sways;



And young and old together share  
Her balmy lyric days.

A. Dresser '27.

#### KINDNESS

A word of kindness from your lips  
Will cheer a gloomy heart;  
A heart attacked by hopeless thoughts,  
Or sorrow's piercing dart!

Then always lend a helping hand,  
Assist the young and old;  
And have a heart as true as steel,  
A soul as pure as gold!

A word of kindness from your lips,  
A helping deed for men,  
A hearty act of friendly aid,  
Will sure return again.

So fill your mind with charity,  
And scatter worthy love:  
That you may gain His blessings here,  
A hundredfold above!

E. Gomes '25.

#### FUTURE YEARS

I dream of years  
Of feats and fears,  
Of pirates cruel and bold;  
Of dauntless men  
Of outlaw's den  
Of handsome knights of old.

But when I try  
With smile and sigh  
To see the future years,  
I find that age,  
The silent sage  
Is hiding joys and tears.

J. Masson '25.

#### SCHOOLDAYS

Oh! cherished schooldays, you're the time  
Of care-free mirth and joy,  
Although it may not seem quite so  
To many a thoughtless boy.

These merry days you offer us,  
When we, your life embrace,

Will change when you have flung away  
And time your joys efface.

The wisdom which you hold for us  
And which we ought to earn,  
Can never be regained, if now  
This only chance we spurn.

Then why not make these youthful times  
Our profit and our gain,  
So that when we are sturdy men  
We shall not strive in vain.

So whilst you're here, let us enjoy  
Your pleasures and your mirth;  
We shall be wise and never will plant  
Regrets upon this earth.

F. Clarke '27.

#### OUR FANCIES

Drifting along the glassy sky  
Bright with the tints of white and blue,  
Gently the clouds pass sailing by  
Clothed in a dress of snowy hue.

Now they appear like a knight of old,  
Armour steel blue, and steed pure white;  
Though he seems to be bold and strong,  
Soon crumbles down, to fade from sight.

Thus will our foolish fancies go,  
Go like the clouds of an April day;  
Haste! while the stream of life doth flow,  
And cast all thoughtless dreams away.

M. Fachtmann '25.

#### REMEMBRANCES

Return of migratory birds,  
Once more the lowing of the herds,

In spring;

Enchanting beauty of the flowers,  
Aroma sweet of rosy bowers,

In summer;

The red and gold of fallen leaves,  
And yellow of the bounded sheaves,

In autumn;

The beauty of the falling snow,  
Presenting all the whitest show,

In winter;

These are the scenes that fleeting time  
Presented me in native clime;  
'Tis now but a remembrance fond  
To childhood days a lovely bond.

M. Agafuroff '25.

#### JAPAN

Oh! fair Japan, thou land of fame,  
And of the rising sun,  
Thy scenic spots of rarest charms  
By nightingales, are sung.

Thy mountain cherries wild and fair,  
Aflame in sunlit ray,  
On Yosh'no heights in clouds of pink,  
A Sam'rai heart portray.

Where lilies and azaleas grow  
In vales with maples dressed,  
And sixteen lobed chrysanthemum  
Stands for thy royal crest.

Where lotus buds o'er muddy meads,  
On summer's hazy morn,  
Burst open above green velvet leaves  
Which pearls of dew adorn.

On frowning walls of rock abrupt  
Thy stately castles rear,  
And remind us of thy Daimyo days  
When flashed the sword and spear.

Thy hills where ancient temples hide  
With sacred groves abound,  
The hallowed place where sleep the dead  
Beneath the grass-grown mound.

From peak to peak, from vale to vale,  
In honor and renown  
Thy many silent monuments  
Thy well-earned glory crown.

S. Dresser '26.

#### EVENING SONGS

The purple darkness falls across  
The marshy home of ferns;  
And shallows kiss the dewy moss,  
And steal around the ferns.

The slender willows fringe the shore  
And crown the limpid lake;  
And on the glistening silvery floor  
The dancing ripples break.

But softly through the swaying reeds  
The evening breezes sigh;  
And rustling o'er the faded weeds  
They voice their dismal cry.

The mellow accents feed the vales  
With echoes soft and deep.  
The shadows on the russet dales  
Are lulled in twilight sleep.

Their magic tune recalled to me  
The mirths of youthful years,  
The prime of life of merry glee,  
And sunshine tinged with tears!

Remembrances of childhood days  
Awake when zephyrs sing.  
They bring to me the sunny ways,  
I feel a second spring!

With mingled hopes and mingled fears,  
I dream of days gone by;  
And when I see those fragrant years,  
I heave a lonely sigh.

Though time will never bring again  
Those days of infancy,  
Whilst listening to the sweet refrain  
These scenes come back to me...

O sing your stories as you kiss  
The moss upon the shore!  
And sing of bygone blessed bliss,  
The joys that are no more!

A. d'Aquino '25.



## EDITORIAL

### Japan's Future

Edward Gomes, '25

**J**APAN'S diplomatic future with the Great Powers will take a favorable turn; England and Japan will unite closer, after the departure of Prince Chichibu, the second son of the Emperor, to Great Britain to attend Oxford University; Matsudaira Ambassador to America has left for the United States to effect an amicable settlement of the Immigration Bill; and the recent visit of Prince Yamagata's mission to Indo-China has helped to lay a strong commercial cable between the two nations. Over this highway there will be a great exchange of commodities to the mutual advantage of the countries concerned. But the most outstanding feature in her foreign relations, is the signing of the treaty with the Soviets.

This recognition will involve far-reaching economic, political and strategic consequence; the Japanese fleet has obtained an independent oil supply; and the industries of the Mikado's Empire will be linked with the immense natural resources of Siberia. Possibilities of great trade deve-

lopment between these two nations are prophesied by prominent business men. When normal economic conditions are resumed, Japan will benefit enormously from the undeveloped natural wealth of Russia and the Soviet Republic will profit in having skilled Japanese to work her industries. The biggest boom to Japan lies in the fishing and oil rights of Saghalien. The fishing industry along the Siberian coast will surely witness rapid growth and it is understood that the Japanese will not have any trouble to secure the license. Oil production in Soviet Russia has not reached a fine level but with the help of more scientific machinery, the "liquid gold" will be made to pour forth abundantly.

Having obtained fishing and oil rights, Japan is facing a prosperous future; since oil and fishing are very important items for this Empire. There is a wealth of unsolved problems of vast importance to human comfort and happiness which must be tinkered with, played with, till they are solved and brought into use.

### Business in the Orient

Shaw, '25

**A** glance into the interesting history of Japan will show that this country has emerged from comparative obscurity somewhere back in 1850, and won a conspicuous place among the nations of the world. It is doubtful whether any other nation has ever changed its whole mode of existence

in such a short space of time. This rapid change is due in a large measure to the enterprising spirit and adaptability of Japan.

Enterprise, because even though at that time inexperienced in modern commerce, Japan has succeeded in establishing an extensive trade with foreign countries, in a space of a little over fifty years. Adaptability, because she has been won over to the use of modern ideas with modern help, and has not let the grand obstacles of prejudices overcome her.

The reason why Japan has so soon come into the foreground is because she has opened her ports to foreign commerce and given other people every chance of settling down here to increase her business. A hundred or so years ago the Japanese people had little or no intercourse with the outer world. A few Portuguese traders, at Nagasaki carried on a meager bartering with the natives of that district.

From 1854, when Perry succeeded in opening Japanese ports to foreign trade, Japanese commerce began. It rapidly increased in importance, bringing wealth and civilization to the Empire until at the beginning of the

1914 World War her exports reached their highest point. For four years wealth rolled in; enterprising merchants made their fortunes; the whole nation increased in wealth. With wealth came luxury and the importation of foreign goods grew.

But in this Empire at present there exists an economic depression, with consequent lull of business. To build up an export market that will again place the nation on the high road to prosperity, Japan must cut down the adverse balance of trade now a salient cause of sluggish business throughout the country.

The principal reason is the lack of natural resources. Coal, iron and many other essentials are not plentiful; they must be imported from abroad, changed from the raw material to the finished product by proper work. These finished products at present are not equal in quality to similar articles made in other countries.

When this will be accomplished, when the present standards of articles will be raised to the standards of other countries, the financial depression will surely disappear from the business horizon.

### The Heart of a Child

Louis Cox, '25

**W**HAT is there on earth that is purer and more God-like than the heart of a child? Its desires are so simple and blameless and they are so easily satisfied. The heart of a child is a stainless creature, free from the corruptions of this world. It is one of God's greatest gifts to mankind and so it is man's duty to safeguard the heart of a child and to keep it

spotless at the cost of everything else.

Was man not made after God's own image and likeness and is a child not the purest of men? For, when His disciples drove the children from Him, did our Lord not say "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven?". Did He not say that



those with hearts like those of children will be the greatest and that if we do not become as little children we shall not be able to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven? And did Christ not love John the disciple the best of all on account of his youth, his purity

and his child-like soul?

Undoubtedly the child is the man God created after His own image and likeness. The child is what God meant all mankind to be, with its purity, simplicity and undefiled innocence.

## Tinkering

Rupert Cox, '25

**S**CIENCE, the principal factor in the farce which pushes and pulls the rapid advance of modern life has developed from a confused foundation of imagination, fact, theory and chance. The alchemists strove day and night in their endeavor to make gold; they failed. But in their efforts they found out many new facts, made many new compounds and devised new processes, though not always understood, yet which possessed great inherent values and these led other tinkers on to fill up the gaps in the field of science which have been so skilfully completed in our day. Everything, even up to modern conveniences, such as the electric heater or the housewife's luxury, the electric dish washer, are based on it. Even the once care free men are getting down seriously to work in their little laboratories, tinkering with chemicals and physical ap-

paratus as part of their daily work. Surrounded by things and people of such caliber we naturally imbibe the influence they radiate.

The scientific world may be compared to a gold mine. Just as the miners dig into the earth fully understanding that somewhere in the ground there are rich deposits even beyond the fondest dreams of Solomon, so also are the scientists delving into the unsolved mysteries of nature; they know that somewhere in the treasure-house of science, there are powerful secrets awaiting the grasp of some giant to wrest them from the dark unknown.

Although much depends on chance, yet anyone who wishes to be an inventor or has an ambition to unravel one of the riddles of science must be a keen observer and ready to grasp the smallest detail with appreciation.

## Getting up in the Morning

John Masson, '25

**E**VERYDAY observation witnesses to the truth of Newton's law of Motion. This is one of our sufferings, and an unpleasant one at that, especi-

ally for those subjected to hard labor. In modern life one can never say that he has had a complete and perfect sleep; either he will have too much

or too little of it.

We have often heard, yea repeated it to ourselves over and over again, "Tonight I will have ample time for a good long sleep." And do we obtain it? No! - Tossing from one side to the other, never finding a comfortable and easy position, crumbling and striking our pillows to every imaginable and unimaginable shape, eyes kept wide open, only to see that "ample time" diminishing to "no time" until finally snatching off but a few hours sleep we find ourselves obliged to get up with a most contemplative face, sore back, swollen eyes, and perhaps a crick in the neck as a painful, reminder of the struggle. This is enough to put oneself into a warlike spirit for the rest of the day, and - in no frame of mind to observe the

golden rule.

On the other hand, after a busy day with just enough time to regain one's strength, although making use of every hour and minute the niggardly alarm-clock permits, we find our sleep practically as short as that "ample time" experience, with the exception that we feel more refreshed and less inclined to be hostile, in spite of the fact that it was so rudely broken.

It is the getting up with a smile or a scowl, that determines our dispositions for the day. A cheerful rising casts a cheerful light over all. So let us start the day with a smile of welcome and surely its happy influence will hover like a bright aura around a multitude of petty sufferings that might come into our path.

## Mens Sana in Corpore Sano

A. d'Aquino, '25

**P**HYSICAL culture and intellectual development go hand in hand. One cannot exist without the other. They are like the oak and the vine: the oak by itself has an ungainly appearance; the vine by itself is a very weak thing; but put the two together, and they will form an artistic combination.

We can readily see and appreciate the value of sports with regard to mental work. A business man invariably comes home in the evening so worn out that he has hardly the energy to do anything. If this continues for any length of time he will break down completely. On the contrary if he exercises with his dumbbells a few minutes every day, or takes a short walk in the hills he

will have a better appetite and more vigor, and consequently a stronger body and a keener mind.

Athletic games constitute an indispensable factor in the formation of character; when the public and the individual notice how they cultivate feelings of sportsmanship that are peculiar to them, and how they animate youths by friendly competitions, it is no wonder that sports are encouraged in almost all modern schools of the progressive nations.

But of course, we must be careful not to go to the other extreme. Experience has taught us that sports were abused in some schools. There is a happy medium for all things.

But in general, no one will deny that physical training is the keystone



of mental and moral development. Although intellect and character are not tangible they must have a suitable dwelling.

Valuable treasures must be kept in a strong safe or else they might be

stolen. In like manner must the mind, of inestimable worth, be stored in a healthy body; thus, we have the famous proverb; A sound mind in a sound body.



Louis Cox, '25

**A Junior League.**—A Junior Basketball League was proposed and carried out by Mr. Abromitis. The plan proved to be a success. Four evenly matched teams were selected, namely the Hawks, Buffaloes, Orioles and Arrows. The captains are M. Gutierrez, H. Walker, K. Kosloff and J. Henry respectively. The result was: 1st Arrows, 100%; 2nd Hawks, 60%; 3rd Buffaloes 50%; 4th Orioles 0%. Among the junior players, many stars appeared and talents were displayed.

**A Minim League**—Inspired by the success of the Junior League, another one was organized for the minims. It was equally well received by the school. After several closely contested games, the Eaglets under Captain M. Tsuji proved their superiority; the Swifts captained by J da Silva, and the Swallows by A. Couto tied for second place.

**A Visit.**—On March the 3rd, we were visited by a group of students from the Himeji Normal School, who were making a tour of all the schools in this section.

**An Art Exhibition.**—On March 6th, an exhibition of crayon, watercolor and oil pictures by S. Kawazoe of the Junior Class, was held in the Sophomore room. The set of about two dozen pieces showed unusual talent. Kawazoe is being instructed by Mr. Abromitis who is himself a gifted artist. "Kawa" has made himself a name with his cartoons, designs and paintings of all kinds.

**A Feed.**—After the first Meisei football match, there was a "feed" for the players. The Basketeers were kindly invited to join in.

**Mr. Schofield.**—A further donation to the College laboratory of a Tesla coil was made by our generous scientist friend, Mr. Schofield. We offer Mr. Schofield our sincere thanks.

**Monsieur A. Heinrich, S.M.**—the head of the Society of Mary in Japan, visited our school lately and was highly pleased with the standing of the pupils in their class-work and games.

**St. Joseph's Day.**—The 19th of March being St. Joseph's Day, we were given a free day. Due to the

new law prohibiting dramatics in schools and colleges in Japan, we were unable to give our annual entertainment. Nevertheless, we met at the Yakuba Hall at 10 o'clock, where a juggling troupe from Osaka afforded us much amusement. One member of the troupe deserves special mention. He succeeded in keeping the school cry-

ing with laughter or else spellbound with wonder as long as he was on the stage. Some of his best stunts were balancing a tea-pot on a stick held between his teeth and suspending a stick in mid-air by constantly hitting it with two other sticks. Besides these juggling feats, several songs were sung by the school choir.



Max Fachtmann, '25

**In Memoriam**—We wish to express our deepest sympathies to John Down and to the relatives of the deceased father, for the recent bereavement.

**U. of D. - Oriental Club.**—Why not start an Oriental Club in Dayton? According to recent informations the present representatives consisting of Charles Pedersen, Joseph Darling, Gerald Jolles, and George Weed, each in high standing will soon count on an increase. Good luck to the "Forward" trio and companions.

**J. Miller**—"The Forward! It reminds me of the good old days to go through your splendid magazine, and believe me, I took careful note of the happy youngsters on their annual excursion. Really it makes me think of those days when—" Well Joe, honeyed days of school life cannot last forever. We certainly are glad to hear your words of compliment.

They are reactive and reciprocal in their effects.

**J. Pradier**—sends his card wishing us all success. Thanks Joe, the same to you. Hope to hear from you again.

**W. Daly**—was "dee-lighted" to receive our mag. "The Forward" quoteth he, "keeps me in touch with my old school. For nothing would I miss a single copy." Nice of you to tell us that. Bill is one of the thousands that viewed "ole sol" goin' to sleep at nine o'clock in the morning. How was it? Willy is keeping at a good pace with his classmates. Go at it, boy! make it good.

**H. Mahr**—Address: 2033 Federal Ave. Seattle, Wash. "The familiar cover is a treat to my eyes." How about the inside? --We're glad to hear that you and your brother are holding interesting positions. We sure "won't fail to send you the Forward."



E. Babo-Vivenot.—On guard! Edward Babo-Vivenot mortimophoses and fools his friends at a "College Ball." Ed has taken up a new line of science: the art of face-painting. With bobbed-hair and a borrowed evening-gown, he "captivated the hearts of quite a few"!!

V. Chernyk.—After passing a bankers' examination with flying laurels what difficulty is there to find a good job. Vladim is holding a responsible position in an up-town bank with the greatest hopes of promotion. That's right! Take the wings from the Forward and soar to the top.

A. Scheuten—D. Daver—seem to have been bitten by the radio-bug. A nice hobby. What? Dodge the taxes and it'll be perfect. Your recent visit was welcomed. Drop in again and tell us how you are faring.

R. Down—His great companion is his new possession, a Harley. Richard paid his former teachers a flying visit on his speedster. We are glad to hear that you are getting forward so speedily. Keep it up.

L. Hum—Many thanks for your card wishing "bestest" to the school. How are things in Yoko? Give us some inside dope of it, won't you?

J. Ahrens—Another of those that keep quiet. Come Jimmy! any talk on Good old Yoko is always greatly appreciated.

J. Boyd—is "settling his foundations!!!" Good luck to you. Your letters from Logic, Scotland are extremely interesting and we are always glad to read of the "deep works" that you are doing at your U.

G. Morin—Prominent among the various things that he writes us, he specially wants to emphasize that the

S.J.C. school spirit is 100 per cent perfect. Fine!! He always "looks forward to the coming of the highly interesting magazine." Thanks Gerry for the congrats to the boys who appeared on the Forward Staff. We'll be waiting for '26 to see you back with us again.

T. Worden—accompanied by D. Hilles intend to run over to the University of Dayton to chat with the members of S.J.C. Club. When you're together don't forget to sing the old College March.....and broadcast it. We'll be listening in.....at least in thought.

C. Clem—sailed for Los Angeles some time ago in advance of his parents. He is attending the Loyola College at present. A few lines George, to your old classmates.

H. Mason—paid another flying visit to Kobe recently.

E. Jungers—Ernest is now working at S.L. Giles and Co. Time changes many things, even name plates.

W. Laffin—Heard you've been skiing at Goshiki again. Hope you had less tumbles. Skiing is a queer sport. Once you're up and then you are down and never in the middle.

C. Van Zandt—Radio! Radio! Wow! some scare. Tune your receiving set and listen to the songs of the Orient. Cost 2 yen a month for listening in.

M. Hosoda—A long time since we last saw you. The former teachers were very glad to have a chat with you. Drop in again.

G. Suzor—thanks for the Forward. He is extremely interested to hear from the College where his childhood

days were passed. His brother is a soldier and George is expecting to become one soon.

E. Cotte—sends his respects to his former teachers from a remote cottage in France. A nice place to pass your vacation.

Extra!!!! Letters from the former

boys are always read with the greatest interest. The Forward Staff will be highly pleased to be able to keep in touch with everyone of you.

Mail all letters to:

Forward Staff  
c/o St. Joseph's College  
Sumiyoshi—Kobe—Japan.



By Edward Gomes, '25

### Blue and White Triumphs over Red and Grey Canadian Academy Goes Down in Defeat

Exhibiting some spectacular floor work the S. J. C. loopers had little difficulty in vanquishing the C. A. five.

The game was characterized by undue roughness; two of the Academy men had to leave the game on account of personal fouls; however, owing to lack of substitutes on the Canadian side, by arrangement, one of the penalized members, Wilkinson, was reinstated.

Captain Cox won the shooting laurels by sending the pill 12 times through the loop.

Referee: Mr. Ryan (Y.M.C.A.)

### St. Joseph's Suffers Heartbreak to Konan Higher-Final Spurt of Japanese Quintet: 30-28

After maintaining the lead to the last minute of the contest the S. J. C.

basketeers went down before the champs of Kansai district schools, when K.H.S. managed to slip through three fielders, just before the close of the game. Both teams exhibited superb headwork and accurate passing. It was the closest and the most hotly contested game of the season, which rendered it very exciting to the on-lookers.

Centerman Fachtmann, was the outstanding star, registering seven two-pointers for the team.

Referee: Mr. Yoshimatsu (Konan)

### Saints Snatch Laurel from Konan Higher in a Hotly Contested Encounter

The Konan squad was already ten points to the good when Agafuroff, S. J. guard registered the first basket for his side from deep center. Then St. Joseph's settled down and steadily reduced the Higher's lead. The first half ended with the Japanese combination on top 27-22.



Determination and timely shooting by the Blue and White were conspicuous in the last frame, and were in no small measure the contributing factors to their victory.

With still thirty seconds to go Captain Cox dropped the winning fielder through the loop.

As before, Fachtmann was the tower of strength netting six field-goals and two points from the 15 foot line. Game 42-41.

Referee: Mr. Oyama (Y.M.C.A.)

### Ties with Meisei

The second fray billed for the day was with Meisei. The effects of the first game showed itself in the second half, although the initial part passed uneventfully. Towards the close of the match, on two occasions, Shaw by a burst of energy ran down the line eluding the combined efforts of the halves and backs, then kicked beautiful shots, which were, however, intercepted by the M. C. S. goalman. Final count: 0-0.

Referee: Mr. Yamaguchi  
(Mikage Normal)

### St. Joseph's Defeated by Kwansai in Ragged Game

In a loosely played contest the Blue and White loopers went down before the Crescent wearers, 18-10.

The game was played outdoors and the day was blustery, which indirectly served as a cause of the defeat.

### S.J.C. Eleven Brings Home The Bacon

At once the Saints' forwards exerted strong pressure against the Meisei rear-guards, but they could make little impression upon the defense notoriously difficult to beat. The interval ended 0-0.

The second half witnessed a hard tussle for supremacy and it seemed as though the game would end in a

draw, but St. Joseph's received the long overdue reward of their efforts when Kosloff with sole effort, shot the first goal of the match. Then followed several tricky plays, led by the centerforward of the Blue and White, Guterres, who, after a breath-taking run, kicked a rasping oblique shot which was converted into the second point. Thus ended the second game with the Bright Star School team, and throughout the second half the Saints' custodian kept the citadel intact.

Referee: Mr. Yamaguchi  
(Mikage Normal)

### Blue and White Shuts out Konan Higher

The whole St. Joseph's team displayed fine passing. The vigilant and extremely capable defence of the backs proved too much for the Higher boys throughout the encounter. Shortly after the kickoff, Guterres starred; by a neat dribble and a powerful kick he sped past the Japanese goalkeeper. This piece of good work was followed by another when Walker passed to Guterres, who took it up in brilliant fashion and netted the ball. The game terminated when Kosloff delivered a cannonball shot which the opposing goalie could not handle.

Final count: 3-0.

Referee Mr. Agafuroff (S.J.C.)

### Average Shooting of the Basketball Team

Names	Pos.	No. of Games	F.G.	F.T.	Points per game
L. Cox	L.F.	7	43	4	12.8
R. Cox	R.F.	7	22	1	6.4
M. Fachtmann	C.	7	25	4	7.7
M. Agafuroff	L.G.	7	13	2	4.0
E. Gomes	R.G.	6	2	0	.3
J. Masson	R.G.	5	1	0	.2
I. Agafuroff	L.G.	2	1	1	2.0
Totals		7	207	13	31.2



By Rupert Cox, '25

### FATTY'S ADVICE

Don't eat fast. Don't eat. Fast

### NOTHING TO EAT

Dick:—"Something is preying on my mind."

Knowing friend:—"Never mind it will die of starvation."

### FATHER'S EYES

Bad:—"People say that I have eyes just like father."

Worse:—"Um, huh, pop-eyed."

### HOW MANY SHOTS?

Circus man:—"The leopard has escaped—shoot him on the spot."

Armed guard:—"Which spot?"

### SHINY

Ike:—"Suppose you were in my shoes, what would you do?"

Mike:—"I'd shine them."

### THREE CHEERS

Steamboat Captain (who had fallen overboard):—"Don't stand their like a dumbbell. Give a yell can't you?"

College stude deckhand:—"Certainly Sir, Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Captain!"

### ROTTEN FLOORS

Owner:—"Hey there! Don't spit on the floor!"

Mate:—"Smatter, floor leak?"

### TRAMP STYLE

Old lady:—"You can't be poor, my good man, if you wear spats."

Tramp:—"Ma'm dese is suede shoes wid de bottom worn off!"

### TOUGH MEAT

"We'll like to have you for dinner on Sunday."

"I'm afraid you'll find me too tough."

### HAIR BRUSH

"Mr. Brush didn't like his trip to Germany."

"Why?"

"He got sick of being called 'Herr Brush'!"

### SORE FEET

"Well", sighed the optimist, as he gazed down at his shoes,

"I'll soon be on my feet again."

### STILL FALLING

Sure Cure Hair Tonic Co.  
Gentlemen:

I have tried your tonic as a remedy for falling hair and am pleased to inform you that I now have all my hair.

I keep it in a cigar box.

Yours truly,  
A. R. D.



## SPELLING

Prof:—"Spivins, spell professor."

Fresh:—"P-r-o-f-e-s-s-o-r"

Prof:—"Leave out one of the F'S"

Fresh:—"Which one?"

## RAISING MONEY

Father:—"Here! What do you mean by feeding that kid yeast cake?"

Son:—"Oh, he just swallowed 50 sen of mine and I'm trying to raise the dough."

## MAD MATCHES

"Thish match won't light."

"Washa madda with it?"

"I dunno, it lit all right a minute ago."

## MULTIPLICATION

'25:—"How much is  $12 \times 14$ ?"

'26:—(somewhat cagey) .....168.  
Can't you do that?"

'25:—"Certainly in time, but fools multiply rapidly."

## CORECT

Teacher:—"Willie, what part of speech is 'nose'?"

Little Willie:—"None teacher, you speak with your mouty."

## SOME MATCH

Fresh:—"Who's the smallest man in history?"

Soph:—"I give up."

Fresh:—"Why, the Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

## EMPTY

Jake:—"Why did Baron Von Satchet drop his title?"

Hic:—"Oh, he found out that he was more than barren."

## DRY BATTERIES

She (combing hair):—"Look, my hair is full of electricity."

He:—"Why, of course, it's connected to a dry cell."



# St. Joseph's College

(ESTABLISHED 1888)

## Day and Boarding School for Foreign Boys

The curriculum comprises the following subjects :

<u>LANGUAGE</u>	<u>COMMERCIAL</u>	<u>MATHEMATICS</u>
ENGLISH	SHORTHAND	ARITHMETIC
FRENCH	BOOKKEEPING	ALGEBRA
*GERMAN	TYPEWRITING	GEOMETRY
*RUSSIAN		TRIGONOMETRY
*JAPANESE		SURVEYING
 <u>SCIENCE</u>		<u>ART</u>
GEOGRAPHY		SKETCHING
HYGIENE		PAINTING
PHYSIOGRAPHY		MECHANICAL DRAWING
BOTANY		SINGING
CHEMISTRY		*PIANO
PHYSICS		*VIOLIN
*LABORATORY		(* Optional)

### Tuition per Year (Including extra charges)

	<u>Preparatory Classes</u>	<u>High School</u>
Day Students - - -	¥ 107 - - - ¥ 127	¥ 160 - - - ¥ 182
Day Boarders - - -	„ 287 - - - „ 307	„ 360 - - - „ 382
Resident Students - -	„ 757 - - - „ 807	„ 860 - - - „ 882

*Tuition is payable in advance in three installments. (Japanese money)*

*For further particulars, write Director.*